o Homerus. 10/6

HOMER *in a Nutſhell:*

OR, HIS

WAR

BETWEEN THE

Frogs and the Mice,

Paraphraſtically Tranſlated.

In Th[illegible] CANTOS.

By *SAMUEL PARKER*, Gent.

——*Quandoq; bonus dormitat Homerus.*

Hor. de Arte Poet.

LONDON:

Printed for *Tho. Newborough*, at the *Golden Ball* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard. MDCC.

15×6X.17.30F*
~~15×6.1.25.11~~

Harvard College Library
Sept. 30, 1911.
Gift of
Lucius Wilmerding
of NewYork

To Sir R. L.

SIR,

YOU know the Sacredneſs of *Liberty* and *Property*. Now all ſtragling Apologues fall to you as *Lord of the Mannor*, and the very Ghoſt of *Æſop* (no very agreable Apparition, you may imagin) of *Poggius*, *Abſtemius*, and my own old blind Author too for Company, durſt I with-hold the Due, wou'd e'ry Night draw my Curtains 'till You had Juſtice done You. Beſides as Duty and real Intereſt are ever inſeparable, ſo particularly in the preſent Inſtance it's the Privilege of Your humble Imitators that by doing You *Fealty* they challenge Your *Protection*, *the very end of Government*, when at the ſame time too our Tribute's but a *Peppercorn-rent*, make the beſt on't, and Your Subjects are more beholden to You for accepting, than You to them for paying their Acknowledgments.

I have frequently wonder'd at the Confidence of Authors in expecting to be gratify'd for their Dedications, and oftener at the Weakneſs of Patrons, that they'll vouchſafe 'em thoſe diſhonourable Encouragements. For firſt, it's Ten to One but the great Man *catches a Tartar*, or provides for a *Bantling* that is not worth a *Clout:* Or ſecondly, if he has reaſon to be proud of his Purchaſe, all the Glory and Encomium of the Epiſtle ſmells abominably rank of *Confederacy* and *Bargain*. *Mæcenas* but ſpoils his own Market while he makes a liberal Art a mercenary one; and when the Orator or the Poet is to draw his Picture beyond the Life, he cann't be contented unleſs he ſet for't with a *Cap* and *Bells* forſooth! *of his own providing*. In a Word, the Fee ſhou'd rather accrue to the Patron from the Scribler, and little enough at laſt too conſidering what a Cauſe he's oblig'd to attend; Now my little harmleſs homely Ditty Petitions for no more than barely the benefit of the two Capital Letters aforeſaid. It applys in *forma Pauperis*, and the Tranſlator will magnify Your Charity both in his Author's Name and in his own, if You'll keep his *Calliope* in countenance *gratis*. Nay indeed the whole is but a *Cur'ſy to my Dancing-Maſter*, par-

don

don the levity of the Allusion. You were *my Apollo, my Helicon, and my Muses*; that Ocean of true Wit and good Sense from which the Drill, as to all that's tolerable in it, derives itself, and into which it as naturally returns, 'though at the expence of its *Acrimony* in the *Circulation*.

But hold! 'tis high time to enter upon the main Business of an Epistle Dedicatory, the *Patron*'s *Apotheosis*. And what now must I extol? Your *Integrity*, *Constancy* and *Courage*? Alas! 'tis a long time ago since these pass'd for recommendatory Qualities; nay of very dangerous Consequence might it prove to us Both, at this time o' Day, should I blurt out a Syllable in favour of 'em. Your *Letters* then, your *Judgment*, your *Wit*, your *Prudence*? That were as much as to say all the World did not already admire 'em, ever excepting my Brother *C*——; and I verily believe too, even he, cou'd the Man have as good an Opinion of any Body as of himself, wou'd entertain it of you.

How then shall I manage my Address? Assume the modish Figure call'd *Apophasis* or *Whispering aloud*, and run you a long Division upon your several Excellencies with a *Not to mention 'em*? Or shall I tell you that your Modesty being a Nusance to the rest of your Virtues, I had rather be wanting in my Duty to Them, than most inhumanely torture That? Nauseous, vile, pedantick Forms! and as prostituted *Common-places* as Panegyrick itself! What remains therefore but the liberty of making this brief, bare, and simple, yet candid Profession, that I am,

Honour'd SIR,

Most sincerely and most humbly

Your Servant, as oblig'd,

S. Parker.

THE PREFACE.

Gentle Peruſer!

IN the firſt place the Tranſlator wou'd have thee know he never pretended to the Character of a Poet, and as he deſires to 'ſcape the Scandal of the Name, ſo he will not value himſelf the more for any good Succeſs, or the leſs for any Diſappointment; ſeeing after all, in Things of this Nature, every Man will be his own Critick, and the People of nice Rule and quaint Obſervation, betray the vanity of their Maxims, while ſcarce a Couple in the whole Pack agree about the ſuitableneſs of any one Ingredient, *but that which is moſt incompatible with the true Scope of the Art, the Recommendation and Encouragement of Immorality and Irreligion: However, finding himſelf diſpos'd* now and then *to try his Skill, and obſerving the* Canto-cut *has of late carry'd the Day, he thought good to beſtow a few Hours upon the Tranſlation of a Poem which, and very deſervedly, has been celebrated for many Ages; a Poem, which for neatneſs of Wit, liveliness of Deſcription and regularity of Conduct, equals any part of the* Iliads, *perhaps excells any part of the* Odyſſes.

And yet as juſt and regular as I found this Poem, I perceiv'd it wou'd never jump in Engliſh with the Humour of the Age, till I had ſpoild it by ſome unwarrantable Alterations, which being printed in a ſmaller Character, the Reader may obſerve without the trouble of Comparing. The two moſt material of 'em are theſe; firſt, That whereas, according to my Author, the Frog ſeems not out of a treacherous Principle to have ſerv'd the Mouſe as he did, I have made him deſign the worſt all along, very conſonantly too, if I miſtake not, to the Character the Poet fixes afterwards upon him, where he makes him vindicate himſelf by that egregious Falſity, v. 146. Ω φίλοι, οὐκ ἔκτεινον ἐγώ, &c. *And not injuriouſly neither to the Series of the Story: Then again, that almoſt upon the ſame Inducements I have made him improve or rather explain the Stratagem, by which, in the Concluſion of that Speech, the Frog propoſes to defeat the Mice. Beſide theſe many ſlighter Alterations will occur, and here and there an Addition of my own,* * *but which I hope he can as readily forgive as diſcern.*

* Printed alſo in a ſmall Character.

The PREFACE.

For what relates to the Scope and Import of the Fable, I am not perſuaded with Ariſtobulus, *that* Homer *compos'd it only for the Diverſion and Exerciſe of School-Boys; the Deſign appears to have been more momentous, it carries a Face of Inſtruction upon the Matter of Civil Government, and the Moral is plainly Political. In the occaſion of the War between the Frogs and the Mice, we ſee with what miſerable Conſequences the generous Credulity of a Prince on one hand abus'd by the Craftineſs and Treachery of a Neighbour on the other, is like to be attended. On the part of the Mouſe, 'twas imprudent to repoſe ſo great Confidence in a Politician of a diſtinct or rather oppoſite Intereſt and Temper, tho' on the part of the Frog 'twas not only a bold Violation of Divine and Humane Laws to play ſuch a Game, but ſtill more impolitick to ſtir up ſo Potent an Adverſary, and dare the Vengeance not of Heaven alone (for he ſeems to have troubled his Head little enough about that) but withal of ſo many well-diſciplined reſolute* Cavaliers, *of which Commotions the Iſſue will ever be fatal to their Author, how much ſoever Things may ſucceed to his Wiſhes for a Seaſon. The great Diſtributer of Dues loves to defer his Inflictions as long as his Juſtice will permit; but when that Period's once expir'd, he ſends down both Principal and Intereſt upon the Heads of the Incorrigible. I confeſs, the Poet has not intimated ſo much; nay, has deſcrib'd* Jupiter *as a malicious Enemy to the Mice. But then we muſt remember he had repreſented him before in a State of Indifference, reſolv'd with his Family not to interpoſe in behalf of this Party or that, nor to concern himſelf otherwiſe than as an idle Spectator. Indeed, the freedom the Poet took with his Gods, was, in reſpect of himſelf, an unpardonable Preſumption, and nothing ought to be built upon it, or inferr'd from it. Agen, the Conſummation of the Fray gives us to underſtand, That Superiority and Dominion are the moſt ſlippery Things in the World, and have their Viciſſitudes of Riſing and Sinking as neceſſarily as* two Buckets in a Well. *The Mice at firſt are too hard for the Frogs, and 'twas but Reaſon to imagine 'em ſo 'till they had taken their juſt Revenge: But then the Crabs came upon the Mice in the very Pride of their Victory, and by a courſe kind of Argument, convinc'd 'em in their turn of the Inſtability of Human Affairs. Nay, there's yet a further meaning in the Cloſe of the Allegory; for 'though the Frogs deſerv'd ten times more than what they ſuffer'd from the Mice; yet we know, the Mice hod been as little remarkable for ſtrict Morals as the moſt profligate Animals that e'r mov'd upon all Four. The Temptation of a mouldy Cruſt cou'd prevail with 'em at any time to break thro' all Obligations of Religion and Honour. The Sugge-*

ſtions

ſtions of their Appetites they made the Rule of their Duty, and pretended a Privilege, under the Notion of Natural Freedom, to plunder their Landlords and One another as often as they pleas'd: How then were the Caitiffs rigorouſly dealt with? What reaſon had they to expect more favour than the Frogs? In good earneſt, I think they had too much ſhew'd 'em before; and 'twas an Act of ſpecial Condeſcenſion in Jupiter to lay the Frogs at the Mercy of the Mice, and not the Mice rather at the Mercy of the Frogs. And ſo much by way of Interpretation.

If the Criticks ſhou'd be diſpleas'd at any Grammatical or Poetical Liberties I have taken, they'd highly oblige me. And the longer Bill they prefer, the better: Though let 'em diſtort Words, mangle Periods, and miſapply Ariſtotle, Horace, and Boſſu, till they're out of breath, I'll lay 'em a Wager at laſt they cann't diſcover ſo many Faults in the Performance as their humble Servant. I earneſtly beg of 'em to honour me with a Hiſs, and ſhall be moſt proud of their Condemnation, well-knowing their Sentence is always to be conſtru'd, like O——ts's Depoſitions, backward. Ever ſince I caught ſome termagant Ones in a Club, undervaluing our new Tranſlation of Virgil, I've known both what Opinion I ought to harbour, and what uſe to make of 'em, and ſince the Opportunity of a Digreſſion ſo luckily preſents it ſelf, I ſhall make bold to ask the Gentlemen their Sentiments of two or three Lines (to paſs over a thouſand other Inſtances) which they may meet with in that Work. The fourth Æneid ſays of Dido, after certain Effects of her taking Shelter with Æneas in the Cave appear,

Conjugium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam. v. 172.

Which Mr. Dryden renders thus,

She call'd it Marriage, by that ſpecious Name
To veil the Crime and ſanctifie the Shame.

Nor had he before leſs happlily render'd the 39th Verſe of the ſecond Æneid,

Scinditur incertum ſtudia in contraria vulgus.

The giddy Vulgar, as their Fanſies guide,
With noiſe ſay nothing, and in Parts divide.

If these are the Lines which they call Flat *and* Spiritless, *I wish mine* cou'd *be* Flat *and* Spiritless *too! And therefore to make short work, I shall only beg Mr.* Dryden's *leave to congratulate him upon his admirable* Flatness *and* Dulness *in a Rapture of Poetical Indignation,*

Then dares the * poring Critick snarl? And dare
The * puny Brats of *Momus* threaten War?
And cann't the proud perverse *Arachne*'s Fate
Deter the * Mungrils e'r it prove too late?
In vain, alas! we warn the * harden'd Brood:
In vain expect they'll ever come to good.
No: They'd conceive more Venom if they cou'd.
But let each * Viper at his Peril bite,
While you defie the most ingenious Spite.
So *Parian* Columns rais'd with costly care
* Vile Snails and Worms may dawb, yet not impaire,
While the tough Titles and obdurate Rime
Fateague the busie Grinders of old Time.
Not but your *Maro* justly may complain,
Since your Translation ends his ancient Reign,
And but by your officious Muse outvy'd,
That vast Immortal Name had never dy'd.

* *I desire these Appellations may not seem to affect the Parties concern'd any otherwise than as to their Character of Criticks.*

But asking my Reader's Pardon for my Impertinences, I have now no more to add, but desire him to fall to, and much good may't do him.

ERRATA.

PAge 9. line 14. *for Wight* read *Wights*, p. 11. l. 15. *for were* r. *wee*, p. 17. l. 8. *for fix* r. *fix'd*, p. 17. l. 20. *for wreathing* r. *wreaking*, p. 18. l. 13. *for Boaster* r. *Boyster*.

HOMER

Homer in a Nutſhell.

CANTO I.

WHEN now the murm'ring Vaulters of the Mead
Had climb'd to Pow'r, and rear'd a mighty Breed:
Doom'd by Latona *for a bruitiſh Crime*
To Stygian *Mud and peſtilential Slime,*
'Till Application, Stratagem, and Trade,
A Bleſſing of the Malediction made;
And what with ſtrenuous Limbs, and ſlight of Art,
Tough Lungs, auſpicious Leaps, and hollow Heart,
More Wealth, more Splendor, more Command acquir'd,
Than if the Boors had never been bemir'd.

When now the little, ſhaggy, liqu'riſh Race
Of Animals that ſcud from Place to Place,
Or galloping through pliant Graſs and Wheat,
Or gluttonouſly bury'd in their Meat,
Still trembling, jealous, malecontent, altho'
Thrice happy, wou'd they let themſelves be ſo;

Grown up t' a populous and potent State
Had ſurfeited on Tides of luſcious Fate,
Nor valu'd foreign Friends, nor foreign Hate,

A dire Campaign commenc'd: Leſs veh'ment far
Th' outragious Flame of the *Titanian* War,
Then when the lofty Boys of ſullen *Ops*
With Dragon Feet oppreſs'd the Mountain-tops:
Rocks pil'd on Rocks, from ruinous Aſcents
Crowding they ſtorm'd Heav'n's Sapphir-Battlements,
While the warm Gods bright Vollies faſt return'd,
And with vindictive Flames the hiſſing Æther burn'd.

Deſert, harmonious Nine, your ſacred Hill:
A Work divine proceeds: Inſpire my Quill,
Inſpire as when my Verſe ye form'd of old:
Verſe that in lowd Heroick Numbers rowl'd:
Your Bard invokes, propitiouſly diſcloſe
From what malignant Seeds the Feud aroſe.

Grim *Puſs*, the ſqueaking Nation's watchful Bane
Purſu'd a Mouſe, and almoſt had o'rta'n,
Yet miſs'd the Racer, whoſe laborious Flight,
Full near as fatal as Grimalkin's Bite,
Enforc'd with Fears had Nature's Tone unſtrung,
And to his droughthy Pallat glu'd his Tongue.
The next cool Plaſh he ſeeks, and ſoon arrives
Where plunging deep his Beard the Wight revives.
But ſcarce was drench'd when from th' unwholſome Flood
King *Bogrill* iſſu'd, and thus croak'd aloud.

Soho!

Soho! My Friend in venerable Fur!
What are you, ſay, and whence, *Platonick* Sir?
Fictions and Quibbles will diſgrace your Coat:
But if you hold in one conſiſtent Note,
You're welcome to the Monarch of this Ditch,
A Monarch, tho' I ſay't, renown'd and rich,
By King *Crocracro*, when his Love was hot,
Upon the Body of Queen *Skip* begot.
And not to flatter, in that *Sylvan* Face
Methinks I read a brave Majeſtick Grace,
If my nice Opticks groſly don't deceive,
Or Laws of Phis'nomy we may believe.
——My Life on't, bred to War, and nobly ſteel'd,
Thy Looks, my Lad, proclaim thee of the Field.

To him Illuſtrious *Nibble:* For your Senſe,
I ſay no more; but your Intelligence
Imperfect is, or none; elſe at firſt view
You muſt have ſeen both whence I am and who.
From *Pypick* and Queen *Curdylip* I ſpring,
Great *Snapcruſt*'s Daughter, and my ſelf a King.
My Royal Mother, Sir, was brought a' Bed
In Grange magnificent, and there ſhe bred
Her Child ſo well, ne'er Mouſling better fed.
Figs, mellow Figs my Breakfaſt ev'ry Morn,
At Noon Plum-pudding, and at Night young Corn.
So far'd long ſince the plain Pypickian *Court,*
But now we Diet in a daintier ſort.

Then, with Submiſſion, what your Highneſs croaks,
Tho' kindly meant, appears a Paradox;
That you, a Frog, and I ſhou'd correſpond:
For how ſhou'd Frogs of Inland Mice grow fond?
Or We converſe with Sprawlers of the Pond?
A moſt abſurd Alliance 'tis we wiſh,
You cannot live in Meal, nor I with Fiſh.
Man's Meat is mine, and of each ſort the beſt,
Rich Soops, Ragous, and Haſhes nicely dreſt:
Your Marmalets, your candy'd Peels I love,
The Ladies and my Self are Hand and Glove.
Sated with Kickſhaws I the Gentry quit,
To taſt below, for change, a coarſer Bit.
Cream-cheeſe, cold Capon, Ven'ſon-Paſty, Chine,
Juſt ſo the Gods themſelves wou'd like to Dine;
For let Romantick Fools chant what they pleaſe,
Ambroſia's e'en *Poor Jack* compar'd to theſe.
What skill in Arms and Courage I've expreſt,
The Foe that felt their Force can tell you beſt.
Mounting a Mole, ſoon as the Charge we hear,
I ſtill the foremoſt of our Troops appear.
Death undiſmay'd in twenty Forms I meet,
And by my bold Example ſtill defeat
Our Army's Flight, and all th' Invader's Heat.
Nor Butlers me nor Bumkins can ſurprize;
My Courage bears proportion to their Size.
Or if my turgid Nerves ſhou'd chance to fail,
My vengeful Politicks, beſure, prevail.
Does Cook-maid ſpy me mumping a Recruit,
And with a Woman's Fury perſecute?

No

No ſooner bouncing *Bridget* ſnoars in bed,
And dreams of Dalliances with Coachman *Ned*,
But up creeps Tit-mouſe, ventures at a bite,
Diſturbs imagin'd Sweets, and ſo *good Night*.
O cou'd I once from Kites and Cats be freed,
Vermin by Fate arm'd to deſtroy the Breed!
Cou'd I from that curs'd Fabrick be ſecure,
Dragg'd into which by ſome enchanting Lure,
Ourſelves precipitate th' impending Snare,
And block up all Retreats but *black Deſpair*,
Confin'd above by ſtubborn Canopy,
Hew'n from the Trunk of the dread Thund'rer's Tree,
Champing in vain our Adamantine Grate,
As unrelenting as the force of Fate!
O! might I get theſe Grievances redreſt,
No *Polycrates* cou'd be half ſo bleſt!
'Till then my want of Manners you'll excuſe,
If ſuch kind Invitations I refuſe.
You much oblige me, Sir: But I profeſs
I ne'er lov'd Duckry nor your Water-creſs.

He ſay'd: The marſhy Monarch grinning wide,
To his departing Stranger thus reply'd,

Yet ſtay, my Godlike Gueſt——
Let me for once your Majeſty convince,
Theſe Realms yield Belly-timber for a Prince.
On Dainties of the Garden or the Brook
We glut, and Nature our unerring Cook.

With foreign Guegaws and domeſtick ſtor'd
I'll furniſh out, believe me, ſuch a Board,
As might tranſport, cou'd but the Trick be try'd,
Sardanapalus in a Mouſes Hide.
Only be pleas'd (and make no more ado)
To board my Back inſtead of a *Canow*,
Securely ſo, my Lord, you'll ferry o'r,
And at the *Pallace-ſtairs* be ſet a'ſhoar.

Adviſing thus the Prince expos'd his Back,
And *Ruſſet* rode as ſoon *a-pick-a-pack.*
He ſmirks, he cocks his Ears, and works his Tail,
O'rjoy'd to think how rarely he ſhall ſail;
'Till his *Canow* plung'd all into the Deep,
And then the banter'd Knight begun to weep.
In rage he plucks his Furs, robuſtly ſpurns
With quiv'ring Haunches, while at Soul he burns.
He felt his Honour had receiv'd a Wound,
And wiſh'd but for the ſight of ſolid Ground.
Much he reſents his Fate, but more he fears:
Now with ſtiff Tail he rows, and now he ſteers.
Witneſs, Immortal Pow'rs, he cry'd, and Thou———
And then the Diver duck'd his Cargo low.
Reſtor'd to kindly Draughts of upper Air
He thus proceeds, Great *Jove* once proud to bear
Thy trembling Miſtreſs on thy goodly Chine
Thro' frothy Tumors of the dancing Brine,
Behold!———But e'r that Word his Lips eſcap'd,
A painted Floater, formidably ſhap'd

Travers'd the curling Tide, a hungry Peſt,
With Jaws *Tartarian* and erected Creſt.
The yellow Knight near Danger apprehends,
And biting poor *Pilgarlick*'s Fingers-ends,
Breaks his Embrace, and into Mud deſcends.
In vain the vig'rous Chief deſerted ſprawls,
Beats the vext Element, and pants, and calls.
Thrice through th' Abyſs unwillingly he ſinks,
Emerges thrice, yet ſoon chill Death he drinks,
For now the ſoaky Hide too pond'rous grew,
And boding thus he bid the Light adieu.

Yes, Traytor, thou ſhalt feel, and that e'r long,
How much th' offended Gods reſent my Wrong.
Jove ſends his Bolts on thy devoted Head,
My ſelf infernal Scorpions from the Dead.
O! had'ſt thou call'd me to the Lifts, and there
Approv'd thy Skill——But, Slave, thou did'ſt not dare.
Expect avenging Squadrons on thy Coaſt
To ſacrifice thee to my longing Ghoſt.

He ſpoke: Then with a mighty Plunge expir'd,
And down to *Styx* his angry Shade retir'd.

CANTO

CANTO II.

FIxt on the moſſy Bank an Ozier Shed
O'rlook'd the Lake, long time inhabited
By *Tallow-lick*, a Mouſe of Life obſcure,
An humble Ruſtick, honeſt, old, and poor.
He from his Lattice firſt diſcern'd a'float
Th' extended Hero, and in pitteous Note,
Much injur'd Prince, he ſcreams, nor ſtands to dreſs,
But up to Court flies with the ſad Expreſs.
Revenge and Grief, e'r ſcarce the Tale was heard,
In each wild Face Competitors appear'd.
Full-proof againſt the Toyls and Storms of State,
The good old King now ſunk beneath this Weight:
To ſoothing Comforts deaf the frentick Queen
Tears off her Ermin, skulks and wo'n't be ſeen.
The py-bald Nymphs his ev'ry Grace recal,
And much deplore the Youth's untimely Fall.

Scarce was the King's cold Paroxyſm ſpent
Of Woe, when Rage ſupplanting Diſcontent,
Four Heralds he around the Pallace ſends
To cite his faithful Counſellors and Friends.
Soon to the Board the cited Council run,
Where thus aloud th' impatient King begun.

Sirs,

Sirs, 'tis a publick Wound. Not I'm alone
Depriv'd of th' Heir and Collegue of my Throne.
My Subjects too have loſt a mighty ſtay:
I miſs my Child, but their Defender They——
Curſt Fate of a declining Sire! To ſee
Of three brave Sons the ſad Cataſtrophe!
My Firſt by tabby *Cannibal* deſtroy'd,
My Second into Wooden Death decoy'd!
And now the hopefull'ſt of my Stem is found
By a falſe Monarch in his Marſhes drown'd.
To Arms, to Arms! Th' Occaſion checks Delay:
Old as I am my ſelf will lead the way.

Scarce the gray Sage had clos'd his trembling Lips,
When from the Clouds the God of Battle ſlips,
And with rich Arms the zealous Wight equips.
A Coat of Mail to cover Back and Side,
He plaited from a *Snake's forſaken Hide.*
Dry *Peſcods*, whoſe green Embryos once had lin'd
Their Bellies, now around their Shanks they bind.
Flat *Cockle-ſhells* on Gravel-Walk new lay'd
Impenetrable, radiant Corſlets made.
Nor ſought th' aſſiduous Band in vain for Shields,
A Brazier's Shop a thouſand *Save-alls* yields.
A Foot of *Wire* each haughty Pikeman trails,
And at their Hips hang (four a Penny) *Nails.*
Helmets of *Acorn-cups* their Fronts protect,
With Tags of Silk and waving Plume bedeckt.

Appointed thus through Labyrinths of Graſs,
The Warriors to their Expedition paſs.

Mean while preventing Fame, of eager Flight
As Northern Blaſts, pernicious as their Blight,
A ſprouting Ill, on her own Vitals fed,
At firſt a Dwarf, in Cells and Grotto's bred,
But ſoon the yielding Clouds receive her Head;
With Noiſe, and Lies, and Obloquys ne'r cloy'd,
All Ears, all Eyes, all Tongue, and All employ'd,
Alarms th' amphibious People of the Lake:
To Shoar the terrify'd *Muſicians* make.
Grave Magiſtrates in a long rev'rend Train
Hop to the ſhining *Capitol* amain,
The noiſy Mob expecting all around
Th' event of Conſultations ſo profound.
But e'r th' auguſt Aſſembly deep had div'd
Into the Meaning, from the Mice arriv'd
A valiant Herald, portly *Mumblebun*,
Magnanimous *Laptuſtard*'s eldeſt Son,
Who boldly thus the Senators addreſt,

My Lords, my Maſter wou'd ha' ſcorn'd t' infeſt
Your happy State; but not to proſecute
So foul a Fact wou'd make him Party to't.
On him the Guilt of Murder muſt devolve,
Did he not now by Force of Arms reſolve
Yon Prince to puniſh, who but yeſternight,
Spight of all National and Private Right,

Be-

Betray'd and Drown'd great *Pypick*'s gallant Heir:
For War, for hideous War, ye Frogs, prepare.

He menacing withdrew, and rugged Notes
Reſult confus'dly from their lab'ring Throats.
Againſt th' Aggreſſor lowd Complaints ariſe,
Who thus evades the Charge with ſpecious Lies,

Witneſs, ye Pow'rs, to whoſe eſpecial Care
The Rights of Truth and Faith ſubmitted are:
Blaſt me with exemplary Plagues, and ſhed
Contagions thick on this perfidious Head,
If *Bogrill* e'r has inſtrumental been
To the young Prince's Harm, or e'r has ſeen
Or heard of his Miſhap! *A-lack-a-day!*
I warrant you the Lad was got to Play,
And marking how the Pool were croſt and croſt,
He muſt be padling too, and ſo was loſt!
Shall I then ſmart if ſuch an Oaf as This
Muſt have his Frolick, and ſucceeds amiſs?
Hard Fate of Innocence! to bear the Blame
Of blackeſt Crimes, becauſe too meek and tame!
Yet if your Lordſhips will my Counſel take,
The Foe ſhall feel, Wounded it can awake.
A Project I've conceiv'd, which if purſu'd
Infallibly roots out the dusky Brood.
Rang'd in a File, on ſome commodious Riſe,
Wee'll watch their Troops, and to the Bank entice:
Then when their Onſet they with Fury make,
Wheel off, and let 'em ruſh into the Lake:

Or,

Or, ſhou'd they halt in Rear, our Wings defil'd
Charge 'em behind, and drown each Mother's Child.
So ſhall one wavy Tomb the Herd embrace,
And with rich Trophees we the Conqueſt grace.

He ſay'd; but miſt of the propos'd Event,
The conſcious Fairies publiſh'd his Intent.

And now th' applauding Troglodytes adjourn
To ſeek what Armour beſt may ſerve the turn.
As round their little Alps I've often 'ſpy'd
Induſtrious Inſects Aliment provide;
Here in ſtretch'd Mouth up ſteep unequal Ways
A ſingle Slave a ſingle Seed conveys.
There ſable Troops confederating drow
One Grain of Wheat, or half an Inch of Straw.
With frugal Fervency the Work they preſs,
And baffle bleak December's *near Diſtreſs.*
Thus each brave Myrmidon deſigning Greaves,
Round his Supporters fibrous *Mallows* weaves.
Light Corſlets broken *Shells of Eggs* afford,
And a tough ſpringy *Bulruſh* many a Sword.
For Targets empty *Cockle-ſhells* they found:
Their Heads high *Periwinkle-Turbants* crown'd.
Adorn'd, the buxom Champions take their Poſt,
A menacing, proud, formidable Hoſt.

Obſerving *Jove*, by *Maia*'s active Son
Summons the Gods: To Council-board they run,

Whence

Whence the pleas'd Thund'rer ſhews the comick Scene
Of the new War, and what the Rivals mean,
The Conduct of the Generals, and their Strength,
Th' Invention of their Lances, and their length,
And how the ſtrutting Bands with Pride advanc'd,
As tow'rd the Foe the reſtiff *Centaurs* pranc'd.
Then jocundly enquir'd———
Say to which Int'reſt, Gods, y'are moſt inclin'd,
Bogrill's or *Pypick*'s: Freely tell your Mind.
Minerva, what ſay'ſt thou, my Wench, ſpeak out——
Ha! which doſt like, my Girl?—The Mice, no doubt,
The witty, wanton Mice———
With *Ariſtippick* Zeal and ſly Deſign
Friſking and buſtling round thy Silver Shrine,
Till Victims broil and unctuous Odours mount;
Their Vigilance then turns to good Account.

No, my dread Sire, reply'd the martial Maid,
That ſacrilegious Crew I'll never aid.
Prophane Poultrons! that all my Garlands ſpoil,
Steal to my Lamps, and lap away my Oil.
What ſtrange, malicious Tricks, each Hour they play
'Twere tedious to relate. But t'other Day
Upon my Tiſſue-Veſt by Hands divine
Embroider'd, did the hungry Caitiffs dine.
The Mercer (for my Prieſt had tick'd for Silk)
Duns as he were to break, and ſmells a Bilk.
Nor ſhall my Succour to the Frogs be lent,
The filthy Spawn of Nature's Excrement,

A lowd, unfaſhion'd Species: Nay (t'evince
How juſt my Accuſation) four Days ſince
Spent with the Trade of War, and in purſuit
Of gentle *Morpheus* for a kind recruit,
I lay'd me down upon an Oozy-bed,
When preſently came droaning round my Head
Ten thouſand *Skip-jacks*, and 'till Night's dull ſhade
Gave place to Day, renew'd their Serenade.
The ſilent Pow'r, obnoxious to Surprize,
Abhorr'd the Din, and fled my wiſhing Eyes.
Impartialy let's all th' Event attend,
And neither Faction worry or befriend.
There's Danger in th' Engagement, for who knows
But ſhou'd the 'Squires once come to Handy-Blows,
Rough *Mars* agen might from a mortal Arm
Receive a pungent, rude, opprobrious Harm,
And *Cytherea*'s Hand forfeit another Charm?
Supinely rather and unmov'd ſurvey
The various Feats and Fortune of the Day.

Thus She: The merry Pow'rs th' Advice approve,
And all to advantageous Poſts remove.

CANTO

CANTO III.

FOrth from each Camp two ſtalking Heralds came,
The near approach of Battle to proclaim.
Behind ſhrill Hornets, muſical and large,
Tumultuous Clangors mingling ſound the Charge:
While *Saturn*'s Son their Arms to dignify
Rowls ominous Thunder through the ratling Sky.

Firſt fell gigantick *Crambeef* in the Van,
A daring Chief, his length near half a Span,
Struck by a Lance from *Gabberillo* ſent;
It pierc'd his Paunch and through the Liver went.
The Champion's Fall reſounding Earth beſpeaks,
And clotted Duſt deforms his grov'ling Cheeks.
Rough *Skulk* a Jav'lin next at *Bungy* threw,
Hiſſing it paſs'd, and through his Corſlet flew:
Down, down he ſinks; his eager Heart tranſfix'd
Spews out ſweet Life with purple Oceans mixt.
At old *Lapcuſtard Grub* a Shaft let fly,
Which glancing through his Temples reach'd his Eye:
An eaſy Conqueſt inſtant Fate obtain'd,
And clos'd the Luminary that remain'd.
At bulky *Groggle* fierce *Biſketto* caſt
A Spear, which ſinging int' his Garbage paſt.

He

He grunts not long nor welters in his Gore,
E'r his griev'd Soul finds out the new-made Door.
No ſooner *Bogrill* had the Loſs beheld,
But black Revenge his angry Boſom ſwell'd.
Collecting all his Force, and ſtraining oft
The Monarch brandiſh'd with his Arms aloft
A wild, unhandy, ragged Peble-ſtone,
Which cruſhing *Sculk* athwart the Shoulder-bone,
Scarce left him a Reprieve to fetch a Groan.
His Son black *Carrotſcoop* at *Bogrill*'s Groin
Enrag'd took aim, nor miſt of his Deſign.
No ſooner the Diſaſter *Wamble* knew,
But to the Water parrying he withdrew,
While *Carrotſcroop* preſt on, 'till *Wamble* reels
Into the Ditch, and pulls him in by th' Heels.
Immerſt their Blows the hardy Champions ply,
And Stripes of Crimſon the *Mæotis* dye,
'Till truſs'd along the Margin of the Flood
Lay *Wamble*, and the Mouſling in the Mud.

So when young Spaniel ſent by clam'rous Boys
A rough Athenian *Fowl in Pond annoys,*
The Philoſophick Bird with Beak and Claw
Returns his keen Salutes of Tooth and Paw.
Now yelping Pups prevails, now hooting Madge,
And Plumes and curling Locks beſtrow the liquid Stage.

Poppin at further diſtance from the Brook,
Aſſail'd ſage *Butterbeard* and Pris'ner took.

Sleek *Gobbletart* engag'd ſtout *Specklebum*,
But *Speckle* left his Shield and off he ſwum.
Moraſſe diſcharg'd a Slat, and with the ſtroak
Mump's Neck moſt *diomedicaly* broke.
From both his Noſtrils mucous Brain diſtill'd,
And blended with black Gore enrich'd the barren Field.
Wallow from *Tallowlick* receiv'd a Wound,
The Pike o'rturning fix him to the Ground.
On *Egdrain* then diſturb'd *Treadwavio* flew,
Tripp'd up his Heels, and into Puddle drew,
There by main Strength he held the Pilf'rer down,
Inſulting thus, *Drown, rav'nous Monſter, drown:*
Since you're ſo good at ſucking, call me Fool
If I don't give you now your Belly-full,
And dows'd him headlong down to *Phlegeton.*
But *Pypick*, now his deareſt Friends were gone,
Driv'n by Revenge and raſh Deſpair along,
As when Convulſions make a Patient ſtrong,
Up to majeſtick *Ambergillo* made,
In the proud Croaker ſheath'd his wreathing Blade,
And forc'd him through th' Infernal Mote to wade.
Soon as *Codrillo* the Diſaſter 'ſpy'd,
Graſping ſoft Clay and ſomething ſoft beſide,
The mellow Shot on *Pypick* he conferr'd,
Bung'd up his Eyes, and damnify'd his Beard.
Tranſported by freſh Injuries the King
Grop'd out a Stone, and with a veh'ment Spring
Againſt *Codrillo* ſent, a rocky Stone,
Fit for a Pigmy-Leader to have thrown.

Codrillo's Ankles felt the batt'ring Maſs,
And groaning hoarſe he dropt into the Graſs.
Duke *Dabble* brook'd not this unnat'ral Deed,
But fiercely brandiſhing his pointed Reed,
Inch-deep into the Cawl his Highneſs ſtruck,
And with the Lance drew out Imperial Pluck.
Grave *Brewis* on a verdant Ridge reclin'd
To ſooth his Wounds, felt greater in his Mind.
The mangled Monarch much his Sight offends,
And rather than be butcher'd like his Friends,
Into the Dike he chearfully deſcends.
Old *Snapcruſt*, as gay *Bogrill* vaunting ſtood,
Wounded his Foot: The Boaſter ſaw the Blood,
Perceiv'd the Smart, and took in haſt the Flood.
Snapcruſt precipitantly to purſue
Th' unfiniſh'd Work of Death e'en ſtept in too.
Stern *Didap*, when he ſaw the King diſtreſt,
Through the wild Tumult of the Battle preſt,
And toſt his taper Weapon, though in vain;
The ſounding Target ſent it back again.
But none of the *Pypickians* might compare
For Backſword or *Saſa* with *Scamblefare*,
Undaunted *Scamblefare* the dear Delight
Of ſurly *Mars*, and Son to *Griſtlebite*.
Boaſting he ſtemm'd the War's impetuous Tide,
Prevailing more than all the Mice beſide.
On the rais'd Bank he ſtruts: Thence threat'ning lowd
Portends Exciſion to the croaking Crowd:
And had much more than menac'd *(for his Word*
Was ne'r too big or little for his Sword)

But Heav'n's grand Sov'reign ſaw the coming Stroak,
And melting into Pitty Silence broke,
With ſolemn Nod: See there, ye Gods, ſee there
Th' attempts of bloody-minded *Scamblefare!*
Minerva——*Mars*——ſtoop with a rapid Flight,
And drive the fell Inſulter from the Fight!
Thus *Jove:* To whom the God of Arms, Not I,
Nor She, nor all our Peers throughout the Sky
Can aid the Frogs: However we may try.
If our Joint-Pow'rs the Miſchief cann't remove,
Still our Benignity we ſhall approve——
Or what if downward you a Bolt ſhou'd dart,
A ſputt'ring Bolt forg'd with laborious Art?
Such as on *Phlægra*'s execrable Plain
Befieg'd your vext Divinity did rain,
When the tall Brood which Earth's damp Cayerns bore,
You riveted to Mountains whence their Arms they tore.
He ſay'd. The Son of *Saturn* riſing hurl'd
A *Lemnian* Shaft, and ſtunn'd the upper World.
Down from the rocking Orbs the Tempeſt came,
Uſher'd by Preludes of diffuſive Flame.
At firſt both Armies fear: Yet this Device
Affrights not from Hoſtilities the Mice,
The Froggiſh Name t'extinguiſh boldly bent,
But ſqueamiſh *Jove* averſe to their Intent,
Puiſſant Succours to the *Buff-coats* lent.
Deform'd, ungainly, awkward, fideling Sholes,
Teſtaceous Tenants of the ſlimy Holes,
Waving four ſlender Feet on either ſide,
With jetty Claws and rocky Shoulders wide:

Their

Their Backs in form of *Snuſhbox-covers* made,
And on their Cheſts Ebony Eyes inlaid,
Hight *Crabs*, whoſe worſe than *Corniſh* Gripes alarm
The Mice, and bite away Leg, Tail, and Arm.
Soon cool'd this griſly Peſt their active Heat,
And in Diſorder forc'd 'em to retreat.
Thus that Campaign which with the Day begun,
Clos'd at the late Immerſion of the Sun.

Advertiſement.

SIx Philoſophical Eſſays upon ſeveral Subjects, *viz.* Concerning 1. Dr. *Burnet*'s Theory of the Earth. 2. Wit and Beauty. 3. A Publick Spirit. 4. The Weather. 5. The Certainty of Things, and the Exiſtence of a Deity. 6. The *Carteſian* Idea of God. By *Samuel Parker*, Gent. of *Trinity-College* in *Oxford*. Printed for *Tho. Newborough*, at the *Golden Ball* in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard.